

Good Morning 751

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

The Youngest Sport has Plenty of Jobs

RECENT duties have taken me around Britain's speedway tracks. Few of them are operating; many of them will have to be completely overhauled and brought up to date. That will mean a lot of work.

And when they are running again there will be a lot more jobs going.

I have spoken to the promoters at the majority of the tracks about the employment of ex-submariners. After their returning men, you can have priority. If you are interested, apply to the track manager.

IN speedway racing it is personality that counts. Team work is sometimes essential, but necessarily it is the individual rider who packs in the crowds.

To have that personality it is not necessary to use the same shave cream as Robert Taylor, and you don't have to sing like Sinatra. But you must be able to ride.

If you know you can ride on cinders you can go straight away to any promoter and ask for a trial. That is if you can ride on cinders against Jack Parker or Ron Johnson, or any three other aces you care to name. Remember this before you make a fool of yourself.

Any mug who can change gear can take a bike round New Cross track on a Friday afternoon. But that doesn't count for much.

Unless you have the guts to go into a bend on a Saturday night against three men who are trying to get ahead of you, you are wasting your time.

If you can ride well and you

third. In a night it is possible to ride half a dozen times.

Out of that they buy and maintain their machines, pay a mechanic, and take their travelling expenses.

Your reward can be high. You can also kill yourself with the greatest of ease. In fact, unless you try very hard not to, you probably will.

So much for the glamour boys, who have fan mails that would make many film stars envious.

What of the backroom boys? Of course, there are the usual administrative jobs. Team secretaries, stadium clerical staffs and promoters' assistants. New promoters will be needed soon, too.

These jobs (not the promoters) will be on par with most clerical jobs, without the usual security, probably. Although, of course, if you are efficient, there is no reason why this department should not offer great opportunities.

Look at Arthur Elvin.

Twenty years ago he was an unknown. Now he is managing director of Wembley Stadium, and runs personally several sports at once.

There is plenty of room for some more Wembleys, and bags of opportunities for organising the cash that is always available.

Now, down to the pits. Here, at any meeting you will see a score or more overalled mechanics who know the pedigree of the charges as well as they know the way to their own mouths.

These boys can change a wheel and a plug in the two minutes that are allowed by the A.C.U. ruling. For the skilled mechanic there are great chances in this department. For a job, write to an individual rider or to the manager of any track.

Apart from high pay for this work, mechanics often share the glory of the riders. Many mechanics have been featured in club programmes, and, frequently, in national newspapers also. With the publicity come rise in status and pay.

There are openings for electricians to work the starting gates and power houses, to maintain the track illuminations and electric notice boards.

Programme sellers and gate-men, car-park controllers and timekeepers, groundsmen and painters. I could go on and on. There are numerous jobs for intelligent men at all sport stadiums.

In speedway, in particular, being a highly technical and mechanical business, opportunities abound.



Sig. Charles Wilson, It's Tea for Two

A LONG trip, Leading Signalman Chas. Eric Wilson, to call on your uncle and aunt at 2, The Oakery, Lynn Road, Ely, and only to find the house shut and the Appletons gone away on holiday.

A sad blow for us, Eric, but we recovered a little when a neighbour said someone would almost sure to be in during the afternoon.

We felt ever so much better when at 5 p.m. we found your nice cousins Margot and Joyce at home and busy with tea. This cheered us up a lot—we mean meeting two such jolly and pretty sisters. But still it was a disappointment to hear your uncle and aunt were away at Barrow visiting Jo and family.

And that is why you see your two cousins having a quiet cup of tea and a very pretty garden to look at when the photographer got out of the way.

Margot wishes you to know the wireless and the armchair are ready to welcome you, but

why on earth do you have the wireless going full blast and then go to sleep? Rum chaps are sailors. Oh, by the way, do Submariners have Rum? We meant to have asked your pal Billy when we saw his people at Killinghall a long time ago. We always forget these important questions.

Now some items of home and local news.

Philip and Raymond were home on leave recently and both very fit. Did you know Philip and Helen were almost engaged? That is how Margot broke the news to us. Joyce was at Thirsk in June visiting Grannie and Sheila, both well. Margot has been promoted and goes to a place near Horley, Surrey.

Pat was demobbed in July, but George will probably be going abroad, so Pat is not feeling at all pleased about that and the prospect of being home alone. But Joyce says she hopes to get her back at her old job in Cambridge.

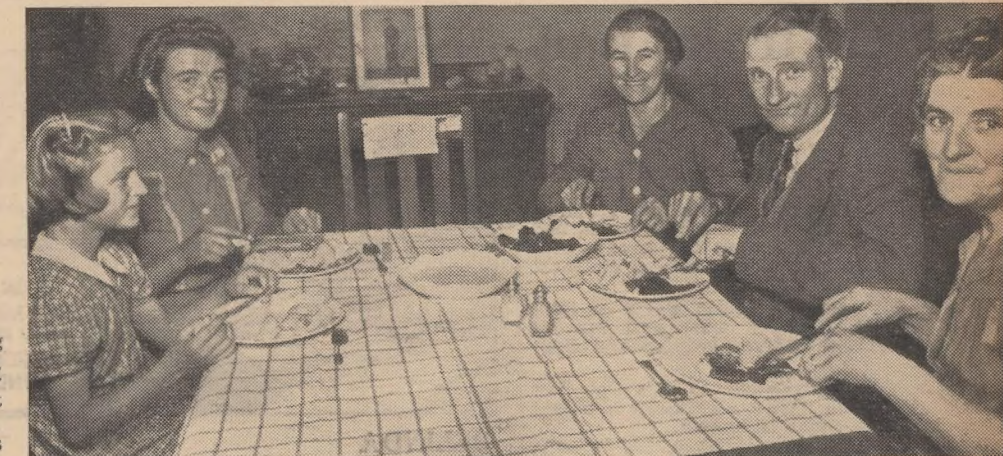
Meal-time Gossip for C.P.O. John Denholm

THERE'S something missing from this meal-time picture, taken at "Langland," Waverley Road, Rustington, and it isn't only you, C.P.O. John Denholm.

You give up? Well, it is a nice, big, stuffed marrow! Still, this was not a celebration lunch we photographed. You may be sure that your favourite luncheon repast will hold a place of honour second only to your own when you again occupy that vacant chair.

Until that happy day when the family get that letter saying they need not write any more because you are coming home, they send their very best wishes to you and heartily hope it will be soon.

We almost gave your sister



Marie indigestion by requesting some news from her as she was about to partake of a tasty morsel, but she dropped it in time and thought hard.

First of all, she wants you to know that she is going to a new school at Littlehampton after the summer holidays, and is very much looking forward to this new adventure. Before then, however, she is going to spend some of the time with Aunt Nan.

We were lucky enough to find this lady on a short visit from her home in Portsmouth. It was she who had cooked lunch and

served it to that family of yours, who are always in such a hurry to return to work.

She is probably used to dashing about to get meals with little time at her disposal because, with Bubbles on a special course, and billeted at home, she no doubt finds the same thing happening at Portsmouth.

Your sister Eileen was the most pressed for time. She said this was because she had to get back to the nurseries, but Mum told us that John was on leave from the Merchant Navy, so maybe that had something to do with the rush.

Anyway, Eileen did manage to tell us that she is still waiting to hear from you!

Your brother Stan, at Malta, is getting better after his accident, and hopes that he, his wife and little Janet may soon expect a visit to Wick from you and your wife and children.

Mum assures you that Jaqueline and Tony and Mrs. Denholm, jnr., are in the best of health and looking forward to a trip to the Palace with you and the "Langland" folk.

Another visit that Mum and Dad feel is overdue is one to the "Lamb," which is going as strong as ever. Mr. Hammond

is still waiting to see you lift an elbow for a pint, and a game of darts.

Dad is pretty busy now that he has reopened the shop, but he still manages an occasional chat with Mr. Hammond, and Mum sometimes accompanies him when she isn't adding jobs to the list that is awaiting for you.

Her maxim is still: "Jack will do it for me" when she has something that needs attention!

A Grand Old Lady

DEAR old Grandma Wood was hobbling across Vale Road, Stourport-on-Severn, when we called at your home to see her Submariner Minton.

She had a slight accident by tripping on the pavement and sprained her ankle. But it's nothing to worry about.

She's a wonderful old lady for 82, and she has a wonderful memory. Any rate, she can remember a good deal about your past, though we suspect that, in her affection for you, she made it rather more blameless than is the case!

She sat down and started to write you a letter, and here is a picture of her on the job. We knew she had previously intended to write, since an addressed envelope was already on the table.

She refused to be photographed until she had straightened her hair and tidied her dress. But we thought she'd make a charming picture as she was however, we gave in to feminine vanity!

"Give him my love and kisses, and God bless him," were her last words to us.



Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THE BIGGEST CATCH

Continuing our 3-day story
"THE SEA TIGER"

MASON stared; then he bit just before mid-day in a little yellow launch.

"If you mean my girl," he said slowly, "you'd better think again. I've told you already about that. You are against me in everything—in business, in sport—"

He made a gesture of finality and turned on his heel.

Stark sat down on the thwart of his boat and looked after the father and daughter. Mason's chin was on his chest as he walked along beside the girl.

"If he takes her out tarpon fishing to-day there will be trouble," muttered Stark. "He hasn't a harpoon in his club like this. We've got the whole bank to ourselves almost."

He stooped and began to clean his engine with renewed zest, his mind bent on the job, but he was thinking of Gloria, too.

Meanwhile Hiram Mason and his daughter got their own men working and plugged out from shore

opened a big cannery down here years ago. My, what a lot of tarpon I could have shipped!"

He half-closed his eyes, and Gloria knew that he was doing a mental calculation as to the amount of tarpon flesh that goes to waste yearly.

Presently he looked up with a laugh. "I hope you've forgotten about that fellow Stark," he said suddenly. "I told him this morning for the last time that he wasn't to come near you—"

"You told him that, dad?" Her face flushed quickly. "Am I not to be allowed to please myself as to my men friends?" she cried. "You're not very complimentary to me, are you?"

He gaped, for she had never spoken to him like that before. "It was for your sake, girlie, that I spoke to him. He is so all-fired smart, that fellow, that he'd steal you if I wasn't watching."

Look here, Gloria, I'd have no fault to find with him as a social friend, but he's my business enemy, blast him! That man has cost me more dollars than I like to think about; and he's going to cost me more. There's a foreign deal—but I won't talk of it. And he had the cheek to ask me to join forces with him!

"Well, why don't you, dad? You haven't been very nice to him, you know!"

"Nice to him? Nice to him! He's young enough to be—your—brother, and he has fought me at every turn. I'd forgive him beating me in finance, but he took the record tarpon from these waters before my very eyes last season. When I was due to land one, too, because I was president of the club—"

"So they made him president?" Her cheeks dimpled for a moment.

"Yes, they made him president. They had to, as he took the biggest catch—and I had a big bet laid that I would be two years in office. No. That was the last straw. I don't mind the other things, but the tarpon business—that put the lid on it. And here we are at the Bank."

He shut off the engine and took up the bait box and his line, while Gloria sat fixing her camera. She was smiling to herself as she inserted a new spool.

The special line which her father had brought was marked in distances so that she would have a chance of getting her camera focused if there was time to do so; for taking pictures of a leaping tarpon is become almost part of the sport, and it calls for judgment, alertness and nerve.

"It's the gamest fish that swims Gloria," cried Mason enthusiastically as he heaved his line overboard—a line no thicker than a window-blind cord. "There is no sport like it in the whole world, for these fish have the cunning of demons—are as strong as horses. I've got to beat that seven footer that Stark landed—for the love of Mike, here's one already!"

Look out!"

He whipped his line round astern to keep the monster's nose to the boat and wound his line round a thwart swiftly.

The launch jerked forward, and a moment later the surface of the sea was broken by a mighty shape which leaped straight up ten feet into the air, curled like an enormous boomerang, and dived again like an arrow.

Certainly Mason had hooked a

large one. When a tarpon feels the prick of a hook in its mouth it goes mad.

Up this one came again in a moment in a higher leap than before, ending in a back somersault. The line twanged and sang, but held.

The next leap was long, low and vicious; then came a series of rapid curving leaps.

Gloria snapped as fast as she could work the camera, but she was taking pictures blindly, for it was impossible to do otherwise.

She had never been so near a giant tarpon before, and as she gazed at this struggle she felt the thrill of the fishers and sensed the joy of the fight.

Up came the tarpon time after time, six feet long if he was an inch, his scales flashing in the sun like great round silver coins.

He shook his head in fury until his gills rattled and whirled like electric fans. From side to side he dashed in movements so rapid that she could only follow his actions by the flash of his glistening body and the splashes which showed where he rose and dived again.

But the anchor held him, and her father knew how to handle the monster by keeping the line taut and not allowing the game shudder to get his head.

And then, suddenly, the girl could hardly believe it, but her father uttered a shout of disappointment and anger.

The line slackened and jerked, then fell in a lifeless loop over the surface, and the white froth spread over the surface.

"Look at that, Gloria! Oh, what a clever beast! He's off!" "Off?"

"Yes, look at the line. He shook the bait out of his mouth and disgorged the hook as well. He was a big one, too!"

He pulled in his line with an air of resignation, and re-baited it. "I'll beat that fellow Stark's record if I've to wait here all day, Gloria. Just you get ready with your camera again. Here goes!"

He had baited with mullet this time, and threw over the line quickly, dragging up his anchor at the same time.

"We'll move over a bit, Gloria—Hey! What's the matter—?"

Gloria lifted her eyes to see her father's face go white.

He was staring as if petrified beyond the stern of the boat, and as the girl whipped round she, too, saw something which made her clutch at her throat.

A huge dorsal fin was cutting the water within twenty yards of the launch, carrying the line with it. And Hiram Mason knew that the fin belonged to an orca.

With a quick movement he sprang to the stern of the launch and reversed the engine, but it was too late. The line twanged and threw up a thin ray of spray as it straightened, and next moment they were being towed forward at a speed which made the boat shudder.

"Hold on, Gloria!" roared her father. "I'll try to cut the line."

He crept forward, knife open in his hand; but the orca changed his course at that moment, for the hook he had swallowed maddened him, and as Mason brought the knife down, the line flew up like the tight string of a bow and

whipped across his hand with razor keenness.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Name six books in the Old Testament beginning with J.
2. What King of England was surnamed Crookback?
3. Who was Gentleman Jackson?
4. Who was called the Father of Learning?
5. Who made the highest

stratosphere balloon ascent, and when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Allegro, All fine, Al fresco, Alto, Allegretto.

Answers to Quiz in No. 750

1. Henry IV.
2. It protects upholstery from greasy hair, originally men's hair dressed with macassar oil.
3. 24 m.p.h. (average for one mile).
4. Hippocrates of Cos.
5. Hammer, Anvil, Stirrup.
6. Metal is not one of the four elements; others are.

Fortune from Fun

DID you get expelled from school at the age of eight years? You wouldn't be the first, anyway. Even if you got expelled and became Mayor of Walsall you wouldn't be first.

Pat Collins beat you to it. And he made money between time.

He is a grand old-timer of the fair grounds. It's some eight decades since his parents learned that on account of Pat being too handy with his fists he wouldn't be able to attend the local school again.

In 1939 Pat owned £150,000 worth of fair-ground properties, which were still making money at Walsall, Wolverhampton and Coventry.

Pat Collins has contributed to fairs at San Francisco and Liege. Wherever there is a fair this two-fisted old-timer is known.

He was known in Westminster as the "Circus M.P." In Parliament he did more for fair-ground entertainers than any one man has ever done. He founded the Showmen's Guild, their all-powerful trade union.

His father was a celebrated rebel expelled from Ireland for activities in the Wolfe Tone Rebellion.

Since entering the fair business Pat has fought tooth and nail for fair play and an honest living.

Once, in spite of police warning, he rented the "Old Fleck" site in the 'eighties of Birmingham's Union Fair. His act meant war against those terrifying racketeers, the "Pinky Blinders" and the "Stool Boys."

Those hoodlums never paid entrance money for any game. Instead, they demanded five shillings from every stallholder, for protection. If he refused he got broken up, and his wife carried off, to be found later violence so cruelly that several died.

"Protection money," bawled a Peaky Blinder into the face of Pat's young wife. Pat paid off by cracking the jaw of the thug. Pandemonium broke loose then with broken bottles and knives to the fore. The van-dwellers answered back with spanners and tent-peg mallets.

Four hours later Pat called in the police to collect the gangster's corpses. The rough merchants had had it and peace reigned.

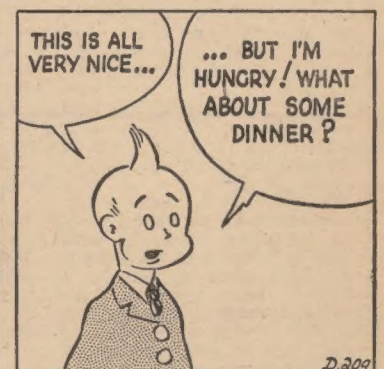
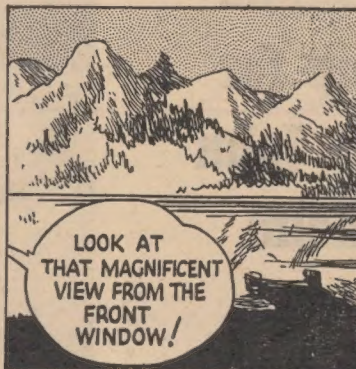
To-day at Bloxwith this old pioneer owns a fair factory, from which streamlined round-about dragons and inside-quaking apparatus are turned out daily. Between the two wars he handed over £190,000 raised entirely at his own fairgrounds, to various hospital charities.

But sixty years before the urge for speed, speed, and more speed at a shilling a time, Pat Collins was able to produce equipment and personalities that made equal fortunes.

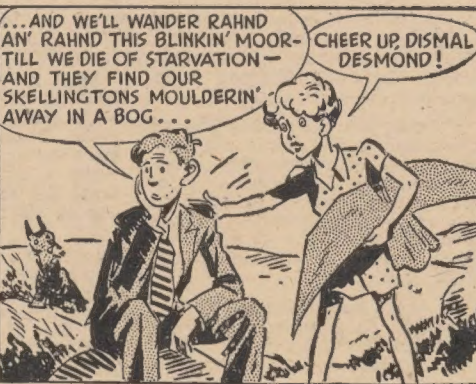
To him, the customers and the fairmen owe a great debt.

M. W.

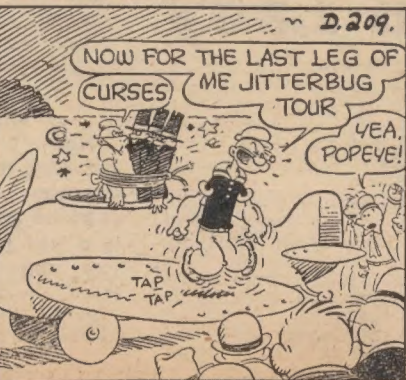
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 689

- 1. Behead a bird and get a vessel.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: redhasouratingersan daunnyth - umb.
- 3. What word of five letters, meaning "concerning," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The gardener gave me a — account of how to plant bulbs in bowls containing —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 688

- 1. D-RAIN.
- 2. Rats burrow under floors.
- 3. HEALTH.
- 4. Veils, evils.

JANE

The Biggest Catch

(Continued from Page 2)

Out of his fingers flew his knife and was hurled overboard. He dropped to a seat with blood running from a wound that might have been made with a sharp sword.

Gloria cried out at the sight and at the look that came into her father's face. She knew instinctively that the fish they had hooked was the orca which had been feeding in the tarpon beds, and she knew that this tiger of the sea was as cruel as it was cunning. She held on to the side of the launch as it was pulled along at terrible speed, the bows burying themselves in each swell. The line had run out to its limit, two hundred feet, but it was stout line, and not likely to break. And the orca was heading for the open sea!

No wonder Hiram Mason believed that he and his daughter

were doomed. Beside a leaping tarpon an orca is a savage.

It goes under various names—sea tiger, killer, gladiator. More terrible than a shark, it is more powerful than a walrus.

Its mouth is armed with great tusk-like teeth which crush and tear any other sea creature. There is no limit to the fury and savagery of these killers. They will attack whales and kill them, pulling them down to the bottom just as bloodhounds on land pull down their quarry.

No fisherman ever seeks to try conclusions with an orca, for they have chased boats to land before now, and when they attack in schools nothing daunts them. To fight an orca is more dangerous than fighting a hammerhead.

(To be continued.)



"Want a lift?"

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a large bird which roars, hisses and kicks.

- 1. Goes with a rose.
- 2. Flat circular plates.

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

- 3. An impediment.
 - 4. To delay.
 - 5. To a great depth.
 - 6. Artificial enclosures for ships.
 - 7. Girl's name.
- (Solution to-morrow)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 750.

- 1. r u S e s
- 2. t h U m b
- 3. h a N d y
- 4. l a D e n
- 5. s n A k e
- 6. t h Y m e
- 7. r e S o w

ALEX CRACKS

From a fair woman when she weeps, from a false woman when she smiles, and from a clever woman when she talks, Good Lord, deliver me!

"Lord, grant that I may catch a fish So large that even I, On telling of it afterwards, May have no need to lie."



How the World Wags

TO have more beer than water in a village might sound a nice state of affairs until you try to put it in practice, then you realise that it is rather better to have adequate supplies of each.

In the village of Barton-in-the-Clay, Bedfordshire, however, they were finding it more easy to get a glass of beer than a glass of water, and that was during the beer shortage. One villager complained of not having enough water to wash the baby or to shave.

Meanwhile, their drinking water was being carried in motor lorries from the Luton Water Company's nearest supply point, which is three and a half miles away.

The four pubs and one off-licence of the village could get their beer, but you can't expect baby to enjoy being bathed in father's "pick-me-up."

ONE would have thought that Frank Sinatra, the "swoon" crooner, gets all the publicity that any one man could rightfully expect, but fate has stepped in with a million-to-one chance and given him just a bit more free advertisement.

In this winter's New York telephone directory, on the top of page 1009, there appears the words: Sinatra—Singer.

P. L.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CRAWLS DUPE
LOB ATTUNES
AGENDA DIRT
MUTE VEST H
I LEAK EVE
PSALM ELDER
OHM MODE N
I BRAN ARTS
SOLO SAFARI
ERECTED PAD
DESK TOOTLE

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8	
9			10						
11		12				13		14	
15					16				
			17		18				
19	20		21				22	23	
		24	25			26			
27	28				29		30	31	
32					33				
	34			35			36		
37							38		

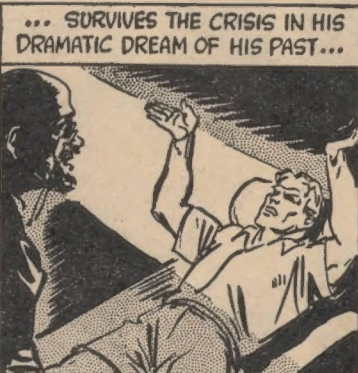
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Fish. 4 Respect. 9 Cantered. 10 Highest quantities. 11 Boy's name. 13 Cakes. 15 Flower. 16 South African land. 17 Resolve. 19 Odd man. 21 Not. 22 Pronoun. 24 Open conduit. 27 English. 29 Channel. 32 Diplomacy. 33 Ornamental tower. 34 Hun. 36 Seat. 37 Meal. 38 Sea bird.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Cry down. 2 Stafftown. 3 Open. 4 Crude. 5 Former. 6 Scoffed. 7 Charm. 8 Strip of shoe leather. 10 Souvenir. 12 Perch. 14 Support. 16 Acid liquid. 18 Sleeping place. 19 Vessel. 20 Small container. 23 Nib-grip. 25 Excessively. 26 Thick wrap. 28 Specify. 30 Bounding stride. 31 Gape. 33 Place. 35 Written document.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE





HANGING OUT THE WASHING ON THE CORNISH-LINE.

Washing-day at St. Ives, Cornwall, makes this charming picture in our "This England" series. The old Lily White Firm gets to work in this tiny fishing village and honeymooners' haunt.



IRISH, AND PROUD OF IT.

Laughing-eyed, auburn-haired Francis Rafferty attributes her effervescent spirit to the Irish in her. Our Editor attributes our wild-haired, wild-eyed look to the Scotch in us — and he's right!



GREER GARSON BY REQUEST.

Well, how do you like the little red-haired, green-eyed witch, A.B. Alan Dimmock, of "Vigorous"? We think she's great, so does Hollywood, so do her million fans, so do you, we hope.



SCHOOLBOYS' DREAM COMES TRUE.

Boys of the Plymouth Technical School throw their master in the swimming-pool. "Now, get out of that Houdini," they cried. Anyway, he taught plumbing, so he should know something about water. P.S. — He got out of the sack — worse luck!